said Don. "I think I know what that means, and it's a whole lot more than anything your ten thousand can give. When I found myself stony broke, I was dazed for a while, and thought a good deal as you think. Then this summer I found the something more. I wouldn't swap back."

"Then stay where you are," snapped Stuyvesant. "Don't try to drag in Frances."

Don prepared to leave.

"It's a pity you aren't stony broke too," he observed.

"Thanks," answered Stuyvesant. "But I'm not, and I don't intend to have my daughter put in that position."

"You haven't forgotten that I have a house and twelve hundred?"

"I haven't forgotten that is all you have."

"You haven't forgotten the something more?"

Stuyvesant looked at his watch.

"I must be excused now, Pendleton," he concluded. "And I think, on the whole, it will be better if you don't call here after this."

"As you wish," answered Pendleton. "But I hope you'll come and see us?"

"Damn you, Pendleton!" he exploded.

Then he turned quickly and left the room. So, after all, it was he in the end who lost his temper.

DON went to the nearest telephone and rang up Frances.

"Your father lost his temper," he explained. "He ordered me not to call again; so will you please to meet me on the corner right away?"

"I've just seen him," she answered. "Oh, Don, it was awful!"

"It was the best thing that could have happened," he said. "We have to meet in the park now. It's the only place left."

"But, Don dear, he told me not to meet you anywhere again. He—he was quite savage about it."

"He had no right to tell you that," Don answered. "Anyhow, I must see you. We'll talk it over under the stars."

"But, Don—"

"Please to hurry," he said.

She slipped a scarf over her hair and a cape over her shoulders, and walked to the corner, looking about fearfully. But he gripped her arm and led her confidently away from the house and toward the park. The sky was clear, and just beyond the Big Dipper he saw shining steadily the star he had given Sally Winthrop. He smiled. It was as if she reassured him.

"What did you say to him, Don?" she panted.

"I told him I wished to marry you to-morrow," he answered.

"And he—"

"He said I shouldn't. He said he could give you more with his ten thousand than I could give you with my twelve hundred. And I told him I could give you more with my twelve hundred than he could with his ten thousand."

"I've never seen him so angry," she trembled.

"I'd never before seen him angry at all," he admitted. "But, after all, that isn't important, is it? The important thing is whether or not he's right. That's what you and I must decide for ourselves."

She did not quite understand. She thought her father had already decided this question. However, she said nothing. In something of a daze, she allowed herself to be led on toward the park—at night a big, shadowy region with a star-pricked sky overhead. Like one led in a dream she went, her thoughts quite confused, but with the firm grip of his hand upon her arm steadying her. He did not speak again until the paved street and the stone buildings were behind them—until they were among the trees and low bushes and gravel paths. He led her to a bench.

"See those stars?" he asked, pointing.

"Yes, Don."

"I want you to keep looking at them while I'm talking to you," he said.

Just beyond the Big Dipper he saw the star he had given Sally Winthrop. It smiled reassuringly at him.

"What I've learned this summer," he said, "is that, after all, the clear sky and those stars are as much a part of New York as the streets and high buildings below them. And when you live up there a little while you forget about the twelve hundred or the ten thousand. Those details don't count up there. Do you see that?"

"Yes, Don."

"The trouble with your father, and the trouble with you, and the trouble with me, until a little while ago, is that we don't get out here in the park enough where the stars can be seen. I'm pretty sure, if I'd been sitting here with your father, he'd have felt different."

She was doing as he bade her and keeping her eyes raised. She saw the steady stars and the twinkling stars and the vast purple depths. So, when she felt his arm about her, that did not seem strange.

"It's up there we'll be living most of the time," he was saying.

"Yes, Don."

"And that's all free. The poorer you are, the freer it is. And that's true of a lot of things. You've no idea the things you can get here in New York if you haven't too much money. Your father said that if you don't have cash you go without, when as a matter of fact it's when you have cash you go without."

She lowered her eyes to his. What he was saying sounded topsy-turvy.

"It's a fact," he ran on. "Why, you can get hungry if you don't have too much money; and, honest, I've had better things to eat this summer, because of that, than I ever had in my life. Then, if you don't have too much money, you can work. It sounds strange to say there's any fun in that, but there is. And I want to get you into the game, Frances. You're going to like it. Farnsworth is going to let me sell next month. It's like making the 'varsity. I'm going to have a salary and commission, so you see it will be partly a personal fight. And you can help me. Why, the very things we were planning to get done with before we married are the very things that are worth while. We can stand shoulder to shoulder now and play the game together. You can have part of the fun."

She thrilled with the magic of his voice, but his words were quite meaningless.

"You aren't looking at the stars," he reminded her. She looked up again.

"So," he said, "there's no sense in waiting any longer, is there? The sooner we're married, the sooner we can begin. If we're married to-morrow, we'll have almost two weeks in the mountains. And then—"

SHE appeared frightened.

"Oh, Don, we—we couldn't get married like that, anyway."

"Why not?" he demanded.

"It—it isn't possible."

"Certainly it's possible."

She shook her head.

"No, no. I—I couldn't. Oh, Don, you'll have to give me time to think."

"There isn't time," he frowned.

"We must take time. I'm—I'm afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Afraid of myself," she answered quickly. "Afraid of dad. Oh, I'm afraid of every one."

"Of me?" He took her hand.

"When you speak of to-morrow I am," she admitted. "While you were talking, there were moments when—when I could do as you wish. But they didn't last."

"That's because you didn't keep your eyes on the stars," he assured her gently.

"And that's what I'm afraid of—that I shouldn't be able to keep them there. Don dear, you don't know how selfish I am and—and how many things I want."

She was seeing herself clearly now and speaking from the depths of her soul.

"Maybe it isn't all my fault. And you're wonderful, Don. It's that which makes me see myself."

He kissed her hand. "Dear you," he whispered, "I know the woman 'way down deep in you, and it's she I want."

She shook her head.

"No," she answered. "It's some woman you've placed there—some woman who might have been there—that you see. But she isn't there, because—because I can't go with you."

Some woman he had put there? He looked at the stars, and the little star by